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which houses the office of the government veterinarian, behind which a fenced *yard* usually contains one or two animals, horses or mules, under treatment. Directly behind this, across the street from a corner of the serai, is the "government" shaykhana (tea-room), a distinctive mud-brick building with a porch of tamped earth over which in summer is erected a wooden framework roofed with a thick canopy of oak leaves and branches. Beneath this arbor (in the style of a bazir, Kurdish for such a construction) are arranged a number of high wooden benches and tables, occupied for refreshment or ease during the day by those who have had business in the serai, policemen off duty, a chieftain's bodyguards, or the usual loafers.

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To the other side of the serai stands a squat, cement-block building, the "communications" office wherein the post-office, telegraph, and telephone switchboard are to be found. The *postmaster*, in 1951 a heavy-set Chaldean (Uniate), a member of the Christian sect centering around Rwanduz, has several assistants hired from among the town-people and one or more of them is on duty day and night. While the post and the telegraph are [illegible] officiency, the telephone equipment leaves much to be desired, and to place a call to such a place as Erbil or Baghdad often requires a good deal of shouting and cranking. It follows that the operators may times suffer considerable frustration, and, unlike other government

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installations in Rowanduz, the air of the commissionaire's office is heavy with tobacco smoke and the floor littered with cigarettes. Because of the importance of his task, the postmaster works in close touch with the qaimmaqam.

Some distance up the street leading to the left past the serai, next to the police detachment's quarters, is the Tobacco Monopoly, a large, barn-like structure, which, in addition to warehouse space, contains a few offices. One of the qaimmaqam's most important subordinates is the director of this monopoly. As in other countries, tobacco in Iraq offers a lucrative source of government revenue, particularly the tax on cigarettes, and is one of the most important cash crops of the Rowanduz district. The government controls the distribution of seed and purchases all of the crop from the cultivators after the harvest, a control which eliminates the profiteering of middlemen and at the same time secures itself a respectable profit. The harvested leaf is transmitted to the cigarette factories in Baghdad. The leaf grown in the Rowanduz district is typically small and extremely friable, but the government has introduced certain better strains of late. Cultivators or their overlords may retain small quantities of the harvest for their own consumption, usually prepared as cigarettes by hand within the households.

Across from the Tobacco Monopoly and police detachment, occupying a detached slope of land overlooking the gorge, is a single-storey cement-block hospital and several outbuildings

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been hurt went to the Turkish police, and I was taken to the serai. The gendarme was a Turk named 'Ali Riazi. He asked me what I was doing and what this "army" was. He swore that if I told the truth he would not hurt me. I explained that my army was only a game. He asked to see how this army operated, so I gathered the children before the serai. We stood in straight lines with our wooden rifles and swords. When 'Ali Riazi saw this drill, he was amazed and let me go free.

By this time I was becoming a man, and was perhaps fifteen years of age. I went to a barber in the town and told him I wanted to learn the trade. He was afraid of me, however, because I always joined with him, telling him that I was going to kill the policemen, and I was forced to leave. Then another Turkish pasha, Under Him, came with several hundred soldiers. I took service with him, becoming a postman and a spy for the Turks. I used to carry the mail to Lake Van, a long journey on foot during which I was shot at many times. I also accompanied caravans to Azerbaijan as a muleteer. With one such caravan there was a Jew. One day he took me aside, and asked me to disguise myself as a Jew so that we could collect money from the Jewish community in Iran. To do this I shaved my head, leaving only a lock over one ear, and took the name Isaac Yehuda Khoshe. When we arrived at our destination in Azerbaijan, we went to the synagogue. The Jew kissed the rabbi's hand and spoke with him in Hebrew. He told him that I had threatened to become a Muslim. The rabbi came to me and said, "Isaac, my son, why do you want to become a Muslim?" "I have no money and none of the Jews help me," I said, "I must support my two sisters." The Jews collected fifty tomans and gave it to me. They also brought meat and bread to the synagogue for a banquet. While they were dining, I asked to use the latrine. I locked the latrine door on the inside and jumped from the window. Then I walked around in front of the building where the rabbi and [illegible] sitting inside next to a big window. I shouted up to them, "Do you think I am a Jew? There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Apostle of God!" Then I walked away, laughing because they dared not touch a Muslim. When they heard this they started beating the first Jew, the one who had asked me to disguise myself and had introduced me, the one who had hoped to gain half of the fifty tomans. Soon the Consuls arrived and they asked this man why he was being beaten. He said, "I am only a poor Jew of Rowandiz who came here to buy goods, and these people have demanded my money.

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people for burial, to perform circumcision, to fire the gun for Ramadan, to play the tambourine, to assist at ceremonies of all sorts, and to help people. I can cure illnesses by my own medicines. I have now left everything in this world which is bad, and have started my prayers. 159 792 [787]

Sayyid Hamasi, of whom Hajji Mustafa speaks above, was one of the most distinguished residents of Rowanduz, although not a native of the town. He died some years ago, and his house is still pointed out. Sayyid Hamasi was not directly concerned in the feud between Muri Amil Agha and Ismail Beg, although he was an adherent of the latter, but was closely bound up with Kurdish revolutionary activities. He was a writer, and operated the first Kurdish press in Iraq. The investigator possesses a postage stamp of the "Government of Southern Kurdistan," printed by Sayyid Hamasi for the short-lived "state" of Shaykh Mahmud. Sayyid Hamasi was engaged in a number of enterprises, some of them questionable from the government's point of view, and Hajji Mustafa, although he neglected to mention the fact, was one of his men. Hajji Mustafa also failed to relate how, during the second World War, he and several other adventurers procured police uniforms and levied customs duties from lorries going from Iran to Iraq at a point several miles in advance of the real customs station. The drivers were surprised to have to pay their tolls a second time and there was an investigation, but Hajji Mustafa escaped indictment. This exceptional man, who, in the course of his life, had been a barber, government employee, highwayman, itinerant trader, merchant, mukhtar, muleteer, owner of a tea-shop, 159 159 [628] [669] [205] [579] [651] 159 463